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THE VICE-PRESIDENCY AGAIN.
Democracy might well have embraced the chance to show that it, at least, attached due dignity and importance to the vice-presidency, but apparently it does not contemplate doing so. There promises to be a scramble for this office at Denver which will make the similar scramble at Chicago appear like a children's gambol. Thirty-nine Democrats, we believe, have already declared themselves, or been declared, as candidates. That fact alone reveals an unfortunate lack of appreciation of the distinction of this office. Many of these men can hardly be known outside of their own States, counties or districts. That they seriously aspire to their party's nomination for the vice-presidency makes it obvious that they don't think much of the position anyway; and in this the political sentiment of their acknowledged leaders unhappily bears them out. Therefore, men seek the second place confidently who would not lift an eye to the first place in a thousand years; while the three or four men entitled to consideration for the first place announce with unconcealed pride that they would not touch the second place with an insulated lightning-rod.

Now, national standing being considered as indispensable, there are not thirty-nine men in either party who are worthy of the nomination to the vice-presidency. There are not nine. There is not one, if we except the country's next ex-President, so illustrious, so rich in honors, that that nomination is not worthy of him. The idea that the office is something for little men to squabble over and for big men to fight away with a stick is as fallacious and puerile as a Republican campaign book. Five Vice-Presidents in sixty-eight years have succeeded to the presidency. Upon this ratio, the melancholy, but practical, fact is pointed out that the lieutenant has almost one chance in three of stepping upward to the chief place. But apart from this, the knowledge that he is deemed worthy of the second highest office within the gift of some 7,000,000 voters should be ample reward to the man to whom the ultimate triumph is as yet denied.

The original conception of the founders of the United States, under which the vice-presidency went to the presidential candidate receiving the next highest number of votes, might well be adapted to the party nominating system. The tendency to award the nomination as a sop to some powerful and disgruntled State, with a favorite son, or to place it for geographical, strategic and vote-catching reasons, without regard to the man, has been rushed to extravagant and unseemly lengths. The party candidate for the vice-presidency should not represent mere expediency; a truckling to compromise and a desire to "balance the ticket," which seldom succeeds. He should, ideally, be the man who would have been named to the presidency but for the fact that there was one other whom his party set above him.

A PRIMARY-CONVENTION COMBINATION PLAN.
It appears from a further letter from Robert W. Withers, which is printed elsewhere on this page, that his plan for welding the convention and primary systems into a consolidated improvement of both is a modified form of that recommended by the subcommittee at the Roanoke convention. This recommendation, as Mr. Withers rehearses, retains the primary for making nominations, for the sake of its conclusiveness, and retains the convention as a permanent means of organization and for the highly necessary work of making platform, appointing committees, etc. With such a system no sensible man will be inclined to quarrel. The primary obviously cannot do organizing and constructive work, which work certainly must be done; and there has been no move that we know of to take these duties from the party convention or to abolish that institution altogether as superfluous.

Mr. Withers's proposed modification of this plan is aimed to obviate the failure of the primary to insure a majority vote where there are three or more candidates. In this event, he would delegate the nominating power to the convention under certain regulations, which his letter fully details. These regulations seem to us unnecessarily complicated, if we have grasped them aright, particularly that part of them which allows a candidate once dropped to be put back in nomination. The wish to hold delegates to the popular vote of their districts as long as possible is, of course, eminently sound. But why should not the strength of each dropped candidate be successively and cumulatively applied to the stronger contestants in the interest of prompt result? Better yet, why drag in the convention, with its inevitable invitations to proxied arrangements

real objection to referring the matter again to the people in a second primary, which shall be held immediately after the first one, without a dollar spent for further campaigning between them, and to which only the two highest candidates shall be eligible?

Our correspondent's able and intelligent exposition of his views on this important matter are interesting to us, and we hope to our readers. We are glad to give space to them, even at some length. But every word of his letter makes it plain that, whatever modifications and restrictions he may propose, he emphatically approves the essential principle of the primary for making nominations, as do we, and as emphatically condemns the essential principle of the convention. He is careful to point out how his scheme "differs from the North Carolina plan," which plan, it will be remembered, elicited our original comments upon the obnoxiousness, actual or potential, of the nominating convention. Therefore, we are somewhat at a loss to account for that recent "sense of elation" with which he described himself as joyfully harking to the task of knocking a little sense into us.

ONE DOLLAR A WORD.
Mr. Roosevelt isn't much of a writer. Shameless villains have hinted that he isn't much of a naturalist. Yet hot-headed publishers are trampling each other to death at Oyster Bay in the rush to buy his African big-game articles at \$1 a word. If this seems inconsistent with the reported slump in Mr. Roosevelt's autographs, we can't help it. Nothing is consistent about Mr. Roosevelt, not even the reports.

At \$1 a word, the temptation to pad should be enormous. To Mr. Roosevelt, a natural padder, congenitally liberal with his adjectives, it should prove well-nigh irresistible. But we are confident that he will not only resist it, but will go further and compound words as one.

The magnitude of the proffer cannot fail to dazzle him. Mr. Roosevelt's main ambitions and energies have not been given to literature, as Mr. Taft is aware, yet he can sniff at most of those who have given their lives to becoming masters of that art.

The pliable cases of Milton and Goldsmith are too well known to bear citation, but they are typical. McClure's Magazine, we believe, paid Tennyson \$1,000 for a sixteen-line poem once upon a time, but after that comes a long gap. Disraeli's heirs got a dollar a word for a posthumous fragment, and here again the statesman was an asset to the author.

Of the high-priced models of the best-seller class, Conan Doyle has gotten 60 cents a word, and Kipling 35. Booth Tarkington is said to stand secure upon the 25-cent mark. But speaking by and large, the best work of very well known writers indeed can ordinarily be bought for 10 cents a word, and down.

At \$1 a word, nearly any of those messages last winter would have netted its author \$25,000. Yet Congress got them all for nothing, and seemed to think that was high.

THE PIE ISSUE IN MINNESOTA.
The Republicans of Minnesota have put up for Governor a man who eats pie with his knife, and predictions are that he will sweep the State clean as a platter. A pie-eating man is a strong card in any case, but a man who eats it with his knife is invincible. Few States appreciate these subtle bonds of the plain people so well as Minnesota. There, adversaries hooted at John A. Johnson as "the washer-woman's son," and the slogan made him Governor. Whether it would be strong enough to bear down the tremendous pass-word of Jacobson is not running, Jacobson, with an army of Northwestern pie-lovers at his back, will eat his way into the Statehouse, and Minnesota, made Democratic by "the poorhouse candidate," will swing Republican again under the hacks of a strong man's pastry knife.

The vaunted solidity of the South is as nothing to the solidity of the pie-lovers. Where the issue of their favorite dish is in any way raised, as between rival candidates, they vote as one man. Splits among them are unthinkable except the splitting of well-browned kivers. No bolts are ever known except the steady bolting of pie. Cohesive, healthy and happy, splendidly organized and resolute in all weathers, they hold the balance of power throughout America, and sway the destinies and the glories. How they would fare in a face-to-face contest with the baseball fans of America could be estimated only by those who know what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body. Happily, the issue will never be raised, for the two colossal classes are one. Every pie-lover may not be a fan, but every fan is a lover of pie—that, indeed, with bottled pop and peanuts, being his only known source of nutriment.

The only hope we can see for the dismayed Democrats of Minnesota is to put up a man who drinks pot-licker out of the pot.

HOW MUCH HIGHER WILL THEY GO?
Greed, silly rivalry and the quest for notoriety are combining to throw the skyscraper level in New York ridiculously and dangerously high. The newest architectural freak in hand is the Equitable Building, which is to stand sixty-two stories and over 1,000 feet from foundation to flagpole. Into it will be packed some 10,000 human beings, whose concentration at one point will enhance the congestion of an already over-crowded area and further help to swamp the city's transportation facilities.

Why the life insurance companies should have become the principal actors in the tall-building extravaganza is difficult to see. The law

does not look with favor upon the investment of policy-holders' money in real estate, and the fiction that these overgrown specimens are for the company's own use is too flimsy to require notice. Moreover, these buildings seldom pay. They are pointed out to visitors from the country, which is advertising after a fashion, and there their merit ends. Fire above the water line is one of their ever present dangers, which, if it once eventuated, might give the country such a holocaust as it has happily never seen. This is only a possibility. The shadow of darkness and gloominess which they throw about them like a pall is a certainty. And so it is certain that they are unsightly and hideous monstrosities, monuments to money madeness and affronts to good sense and good taste.

If New Yorkers insist on squeezing a square foot of land for all that the traffic will bear, all other considerations being ignored, why do not the building laws step in and put a limit on their folly?

THE ABUSE OF NOBLE THINGS.
(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
"If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" Matt. vi. 23.

I think the darkness of which our Lord speaks means the difficulty of seeing sin. I understand Him to mean that it is never so difficult to see sin as when it comes from something really good in the man. There are voices which come from an evil nature; these are at once detected and condemned. But there are voices which originate in the very goodness of the soul. How many a young man is led astray by his generous impulses! He takes to the wine cup, not from any love of the wine, but from the sheer love of fellowship. He exceeds in his potations, not to pamper himself, but to keep up the good cheer of others. He says more than he means, not because he is deceitful, but because he wants to make people happy. He gives promises in advance of his ability, not from any weakness of principle, but just because the warm impulse of the moment is too strong for him.

The poet speaks of being led astray by a light from heaven. That is what Christ means by the light within a man being darkness. He means that a colder nature would commit fewer lapses in righteousness. But He says also that, just because the young man's sin comes from something noble in his nature, it is especially difficult for his friends, or even for himself, to detect it. The light from which it proceeds obscures it, hides it, darkens it. Nothing, says Jesus, veils sin from our sight like its origination in brilliant qualities. The man's comrades actually imitate his faults. If they saw in the street a degraded, drunken creature, worn in limb and tattered in garment, they would say, "What a terrible thing is this human iniquity!" But when they see a brilliant young man heated into extra lustre and made to sparkle with adventitious fire, when they see his natural good nature enhanced and his genial glow made ruddier, then misery is cloaked in light and vice gets a temple in the soul.

It is hard for a man to detect his brother's sin when it is wreathed round one of the gifts of God.

Lord, thy psalmist has said, "Cleanse me from secret faults;" faults in the dark. My secret faults are the faults which come from my virtues; cleanse me from these, O Lord! Thou hast set many lights in the upper chamber; may they never lead me wrong! Thou hast given me a power of satire to lash what is mean; let me never use it on the sensitive heart! Thou hast given me a power of manner to greet a friend; let me never thereby deceive the soul of innocence! Thou hast given me a love of companionship; let it never launch me into perilous depths! Thou hast given me a little mirror called self-respect that I may keep all stain from my attire; let it never degenerate into pride of heart! I would not have sin enter in by the front door—by the very pillars of my house, I would not have my game tarnished, whatever else be tarnished. Let not my light be the darkness! Keep the stain from my star! Let me blight not by my bloom, ruffle not by my rose, wound not by my meanness, slay not by my song, corrupt not by my courage, tempt not by my tenderness, beguile not by my beauty, debase not by my devotion, lower not by my love! The lights which come from Thee should be lights to Paradise; let them not lead me into temptation, O Lord!

We herewith warn the Paragraphers! Union that the "Bathing Suits One-Half Off" group of jokes is barred this year under the statute of limitations. The penalty for inflicting this order will be two weeks' denial of the Oyster Bay group privileges.

The Washington Post thinks that "if Harry Thaw were to go into the coal business, as he has threatened to do, he would be just crazy enough to give his customers full weight." The Post is evidently determined to keep Harry in the asylum.

"Court Grips Ahearn Fast in His Seat," says a New York World headline. Next time, perhaps, Ahearn will have the courage to stand face to face with the court like a man.

Incidentally, Oyster Bay endeavors to name Lincoln, Ohio, as its successor, but we divide no confidence in declaring that Lincoln, Neb., will not move to make it unanimous.

Probably John Wesley Galt was not much of a writer, but it did not come from the State that thought "P. B. Taylor a better senatorial representative than Edward R. Carmack."

Taft has fallen off two and a half points since his nomination, which looks like an omen. The big fellow may fall off altogether next November.

For the benefit of those whose friends have gone to Denver we take pleasure in announcing that, contrary to common reports, the air will be free.

If no name has yet been given to that new gun which shoots 1,000 times a minute, how about calling it the Roosevelt?

Well, as far as that goes, what is the name of Mrs. Fankhurst?

Rhymes for To Day
LOVE-SONGS OF THE FOURTH.
DEAR KATE, YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU—
HIS!
(A giant-cracker popped)
There's a love song I put above you—LIST!
(A giant-cracker popped)
I love your eyes so sweet and dark,
I love your voice so like a lark,
And much I love you, but I don't like!
(A giant-cracker popped)

I think of you each minute—Crash!
(A giant-cracker popped)
I'd love to kiss you in my dream!
(A giant-cracker popped)
O for a chance to smooth this frown
In your kind eyes, or in one frown!
If fate will, I'll love you—But oh, what!
(A giant-cracker popped)

I cannot sing you more now—Bang!
(A giant-cracker popped)
I'll have to sing you now—Whang!
(A giant-cracker popped)
I'll have to leave the rest unsaid—
The doctor's strapped me on the bed.
For on my stunned and bleeding head
A giant cracker popped.

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—MEREY JOKE.

Wow!
Mr. Downer: "You looked awfully foolish when you asked me to look you over."
Mr. Downer: "I didn't look half as foolish as I was."—Illustrated Bits.

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Church: "The time is near at hand when all nature will smile."
Gothen: "I don't know. How about the weeping willow?"—Yonkers Statesman.

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"Did you say he was a crafty politician?"
"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "but crafty, merely crafty."—Washington Star.

Unconquered It.
"Let joy be unconfined," said the master of ceremonies.
In pulling the cork now," answered the keeper of the goods.—Birmingham Aegis.

The Ghost Walked.
"Why are you forever humming that 'Merry Widow' waltz?"
"Because it haunts me."
"You're wrong. You are forever murdering it!"—Pick-Me-Up.

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The Lady in the Bonnet: "If I'd a doll like you I'd go 'an' kiss myself."
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Hyker: "Brown's wife must be an intellectual woman."
Pyker: "Why do you think so?"
Hyker: "Well, she seldom has any buttons on her clothes."—Home Herald.

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An Ohio paper reminds Mr. Bryan that no Cincinnati man has ever been defeated for President. In other words, the Ohio vote is an opportunity which has been the dream of its life.

The papers tell of a man out of work who knows no fear, and offers to tackle fever, malaria, electric volts, amputation or war for \$100 a day. He says he is just the man to go and ask Bryan to let some one else have a chance.—New York Evening Post.

Schoolteachers are said to be long-lived, and are urged to live in order to get the increased salaries promised them.—Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Schwab may be right when he says that all the rich men are honest, but we fear he will never see the day when all honest men are rich.—Washington Post.

The sheath skirt is said to be extremely uncomfortable, and it is urged that it be sure on the subject.—Washington Times.

Oyster Bay is something of a magnet this year, but only archaeologists will go there next summer.—Houston Post.

After her second experiment Anna Gould may be convinced that some rakes are no help to grass widows.—Washington Post.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.
The smallest of mammals is the shrew—nocturnal, mouse-like creature, that hunts for worms and insects in woods and meadows. An eggshell would make a commodious barn for it.

Captain Parker, U. S. N., who arrived at Tuttle on the steamer Annapolis, on May 18th, formally took his new duties as commander of the ship.

Mr. Moore, U. S. N., who has been in the affairs of the islands for some time past, has been awarded the Royal Victoria Cross for his longest continuous service of six years in the military service of Great Britain. Major Moore's service extends as far back as January, 1842.

During the year 1907, 4,432 new immigrants were reported in the South, compared with 4,411 in 1906, and 189,500 in 1905. The leading States were Texas, 1,383; Oklahoma, 794; and Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Alabama and Arkansas from 400 to 500 each.

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Great Results Claimed for a Trinidad Experiment.
Consul-General Richard Guenther, of French Guiana, has the following information, published in a German journal, concerning the invention of a Trinidad planter for making paper from sugar-cane bagasse:
For a long time the bagasse had been utilized, with in order to make cellulose, out of which paper was made, but without success. It is now reported that a Trinidad sugar planter has, after several years of experiments, arrived at the conclusion that a superior article of paper can be made from the bagasse of sugar-cane, as also of the bagasse of other plants. It is stated that he has erected paper works in connection with his sugar factory at an expense of \$85,000.

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Lord Ruthven, Extricated From Financial Difficulties, Rescued From Peer Who Was Implicated In Murder of Bialzo.
ORD RUTHVEN has at length effected a compromise with the trustees of the marriage settlement of his eldest son, the master of Ruthven, and the warrant which had been issued by the Scotch court to arrest him on charges of contempt of court has been withdrawn. Lord Ruthven (whose name, by the way, should not be pronounced as spell, but as "Riven") got into all kinds of financial difficulties some years ago, and secured the person of his eldest son to sell one of the Scotch estates entailed to the peerage. The master of Ruthven gave his consent to a sale, from which nearly \$500,000 was realized, on the understanding that his father should have something over \$100,000 to live on. Lord Ruthven, however, having the remainder of the \$500,000, he found that his \$100,000 would not be enough to live on, and he had to sell the remainder of the \$500,000, agreeing in return to the trustees of his marriage settlement to pay them the balance of the \$500,000. The master of Ruthven, however, having the remainder of the \$500,000, he found that his \$100,000 would not be enough to live on, and he had to sell the remainder of the \$500,000, agreeing in return to the trustees of his marriage settlement to pay them the balance of the \$500,000.

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ORD RUTHVEN has at length effected a compromise with the trustees of the marriage settlement of his eldest son, the master of Ruthven, and the warrant which had been issued by the Scotch court to arrest him on charges of contempt of court has been withdrawn. Lord Ruthven (whose name, by the way, should not be pronounced as spell, but as "Riven") got into all kinds of financial difficulties some years ago, and secured the person of his eldest son to sell one of the Scotch estates entailed to the peerage. The master of Ruthven gave his consent to a sale, from which nearly \$500,000 was realized, on the understanding that his father should have something over \$100,000 to live on. Lord Ruthven, however, having the remainder of the \$500,000, he found that his \$100,000 would not be enough to live on, and he had to sell the remainder of the \$500,000, agreeing in return to the trustees of his marriage settlement to pay them the balance of the \$500,000.

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Rhymes for To Day
LOVE-SONGS OF THE FOURTH.
DEAR KATE, YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU—
HIS!
(A giant-cracker popped)
There's a love song I put above you—LIST!
(A giant-cracker popped)
I love your eyes so sweet and dark,
I love your voice so like a lark,
And much I love you, but I don't like!
(A giant-cracker popped)

I think of you each minute—Crash!
(A giant-cracker popped)
I'd love to kiss you in my dream!
(A giant-cracker popped)
O for a chance to smooth this frown
In your kind eyes, or in one frown!
If fate will, I'll love you—But oh, what!
(A giant-cracker popped)

I cannot sing you more now—Bang!
(A giant-cracker popped)
I'll have to sing you now—Whang!
(A giant-cracker popped)
I'll have to leave the rest unsaid—
The doctor's strapped me on the bed.
For on my stunned and bleeding head
A giant cracker popped.

—H. S. H.

—MEREY JOKE.

Wow!
Mr. Downer: "You looked awfully foolish when you asked me to look you over."
Mr. Downer: "I didn't look half as foolish as I was."—Illustrated Bits.

The Exception.
Church: "The time is near at hand when all nature will smile."
Gothen: "I don't know. How about the weeping willow?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Another Word.
"Did you say he was a crafty politician?"
"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "but crafty, merely crafty."—Washington Star.

Unconquered It.
"Let joy be unconfined," said the master of ceremonies.
In pulling the cork now," answered the keeper of the goods.—Birmingham Aegis.

The Ghost Walked.
"Why are you forever humming that 'Merry Widow' waltz?"
"Because it haunts me."
"You're wrong. You are forever murdering it!"—Pick